

Charmed by Olive Eyes.

The First Chinese Woman Who Ever Entered American Society.

Mrs. Yang Yu Is Up to Date, Even if She Is from the Orient.

Moreover, She Is Her Husband's Only Wife, a Fact Not Generally Understood.

SHE LIKES AMERICA VERY MUCH.

No Lady of the Diplomatic Corps Enjoys the Washington Functions More Than She Does.

Laughing, almond-shaped eyes, two red lines for lips, an oval face, cheeks tinted with carmine, eyebrows straight and pencilled black, a face full of changing expression—that is a fair description of the Oriental beauty who has dawned on Washington society.

Washington has had a great many styles and nationalities of beauties, but never before has it revelled in the full possession of one from the land of the peacock feather and yellow jacket. Mme. Yang, the wife of the Minister from China, is the first Oriental lady to take to Washington society.

Once society was agitated by a wife of a Chinese Minister who actually received the guests at a big legation ball. That was considered the height of venturousness on her part, and the husband naively explained that she couldn't ever peep again at Washington society, because if she did he never would be able to make her satisfied to stay at home when she went back to China.

But Mrs. Yang has simply taken society by the horns, and society considers Mrs. Yang one of its housewives. Whenever it is known Mrs. Yang may be expected anywhere crowds of people may be relied upon to appear, and if it doesn't take much and nerve to go through the ordeals Mrs. Yang submits to when she goes out, then nothing ever required endurance.

A Journal woman was received by appointment by the wife of the Chinese Minister. Mrs. Yang receives at the Legation just as the ladies of other legations do. She received last Friday with a pretty English girl to pour real tea from priceless cups. She may also be looked upon in society, but she is never seen at home except by appointment, and that rarely by a few intimate friends. It required forty-eight hours to bring about the appointment, and that was quick work. The Minister was angry and displeased about an article that made him say Mrs. Yang was only one of four wives, and that as she was the prettiest he brought her with him out of compliment to the Americans.

"That is a lie," said the clever young interpreter. "Mrs. Yang is his only wife. She belongs to a noble family of banner men, and is accomplished. The Minister feels bad to think he could be represented as saying such a thing about his wife."

It was 5 o'clock Thursday when the interpreter said, "Here she comes." He hurried into the hall of the Legation, and escorted into the first parlor a very young looking woman,



An Up-to-Date Afternoon Tea—The Tea Is in the Cigarettes.

(Drawn by a Journal staff artist.)

is a fact that Mrs. Yang rarely goes where there is a crowd of women but that they pick up the folds of her gown and pick at the silk and "ah" and "ah" enough to make an American fly away.

"What part of society does she like best?" "Diners, she says, and teas; oh, yes, teas. She goes to all the teas she can find time for. Then she likes to give dinners herself. She gives one tonight."

"Doesn't it seem strange to her?" "Madame says she has given dinners before. She used to give them in China, but only to ladies. The men there have dinner parties alone."

"Ask her if she likes Chinese society or society here best?" "Mrs. Yang looked very meditative and diplomatic. Then she solved it. 'She says she likes some things best about here and other things about there.'"

"Does she like our clothes?" "Yes, she likes them much for some things, and some are very pretty."

"Decollete?" "asked the interpreter. As the visitor explained by motions what decollete might mean, Mrs. Yang nodded

dining room, still handsomer, with its loads of rare china, some of which only emperors are allowed to use. The table was prepared and the menus were hand painted by one of the legation in designs of Chinese flowers. The only native dish was "potage a la Chinoise."

At one dinner Mrs. Yang gave this season birds' nest soup was served, and then a French soup. Next sharks' fins followed, and to make his realistic the Minister ordered daily chop sticks brought to eat it with.

The Cabinet members who were present had rare sport with the chop sticks and the dinner started with a great deal of merriment over the new native implements which such gentlemen as Mr. Lamont, Mr. Carlisle and other members of the Cabinet found more difficult to handle than finance and foreign affairs. A Chinese wine was also served which had to be slightly warmed.

Mrs. Yang talks through the interpreter grammatically constructed sentences. Somebody asked her the other day if she was going to be at home the next day. "She

Cigarettes Made of Tea.

A New Fad That Has Become Popular with the Smart Sets.

New York Women of Fashion Inaugurate a Change in Afternoon Gatherings.

Oolong Is No Longer Steeped, but Daintily Rolled in Papers and Smoked.

COPYING A CRAZE OF LONDON SWELLS

The New Style of Cigarettes Declared to Be Superior to Those Made of Tobacco—Not a New Thing in Russia.

Cigarettes of tea are the latest. They form the newest fad of the smart set of London, Paris and New York. They have not many devotees here as yet, for they have only found their way across the ocean. In London, however, the fashion has attained considerable proportions. In the region of Kensington a "tea cigarette club" has actually been formed, and every day its members gather together to gossip and be frivolous. It is a club of women.

Pure green tea of the finest quality—though this rule is not set, and any kind of tea may be used—is what is generally taken to form these cigarettes. Many of the swiftest London shops have them already rolled and done up in boxes, but the woman of quality likes to prepare those she uses with her own finger tips, taking first the conventional bit of white paper and putting within it about a scanty quantity of tea leaves that she would tobacco. Only her tiny "tea box" is filled with leaves that are well moistened, for a "tea cigarette" rolls far better if it be slightly damp, and the touch of wetness, too, better brings out the fragrant aroma that ascends with the smoke.

One of the first number of tobacco shops in either of the three cities mentioned and find the proprietors totally ignorant that such a thing as "tea cigarettes" existed. Only shops that cater to a high and fashionable trade keep them, and these not to any extent.

One of the first New York women who took up the new fad a month or so ago and are immensely pleased with it, described the taste of the "tea cigarette" to the writer a day or so ago somewhat in these terms:

"How do you smoke tobacco, no matter how good a quality of tobacco you may try, that it's hard to tell just what much more skill. The leaves have to be rolled in a paper, a sort of puff. There's a freshness, a scent about it, that tobacco at its best can never give. It's sweet and cooling to the throat, and it mildly exhilarates you at once. Half a dozen cups of tea—and strong tea at that—would need to be taken to give you the same effect you can get out of one cigarette. Then there's another very important point—a tobacco cigarette is best only during the first two or three puffs. After that the smoke gets in the cigarette itself and spoils the flavor. But with tea just the reverse happens. A 'tea cigarette' is good to the very end."

"They are awfully hard to roll, though," went on the young set. "Lots of girls can roll an ordinary cigarette capably. But a 'tea cigarette' requires ever so much more skill. They have to be rolled to have just the proper degree of moisture, and even then they are apt to be stiff and hard to compress. But the cigarette, when it is complete and a match touched to it, makes up for all the time you spend on it by itself was not a long one.

So far as can be traced, tea cigarettes originated in Russia, in that country many of the ladies of rank and position are great smokers. They have long had a theory that by steeping tobacco in tea leaves just before using they could neutralize all the evil effects that tobacco might have and do away with its toxic qualities to a great extent. They succeeded, at least in drinking tobacco they rolled into cigarettes more pleasant to smoke. From this the step to smoking tea by itself was not a long one.

A curious feature of the custom is that "tea cigarettes" are beginning to come into vogue at what are known as "dove afternoon teas," that is, teas to which only young women are invited. At these choicest and bonbons are taboos, and only tea is served—in the cup and "tea cigarettes" made up daintily with bits of ribbon around them and piled up on a tiny salver.

In Paris the "tea cigarette" has a peculiar odor about it that shows there is something else in its composition beside tea, and many who smoke them acknowledge that just a little hashish is sprinkled upon the tea before it is rolled up to give it an additional flavor. Paris does not often import London customs, but it has imported this one with great avidity and caused it to become very popular.

Tea smoking has attracted the attention of the French Anti-Tobacco Society. This organization, contrary to what might be expected, has come out definitely against the "tea cigarette." The president of the

holy bonds of wedlock, but for baptism besides?"

That divergence as to dates of which I spoke just now makes it impossible to determine to which Pope this appeal was made, for the choice lies between at least eight Pontiffs out of the sixteen that reigned during the twelfth century. Be this as it may, the Holy Father gave his consent and his blessing, and the Count and his deliverer took the road to Thuringia. The "divided way" of Mr. Edmond is nothing to the situation, for the Count felt well enough that he had a much more difficult task to accomplish at home than the one just accomplished at home. The Saracen Princess saw nothing very inno-

cent in the prospect of a double marriage, and she was not at all averse to the idea of a second husband. She was, however, a very practical woman, and she was not at all averse to the idea of a second husband. She was, however, a very practical woman, and she was not at all averse to the idea of a second husband.

At any rate, the warrior left his new bride in an out-of-the-way spot, and proceeded alone to the Castle of Gleichen to enact the preface to the revelation. The Countess seems to have been a sensible woman. She seems to have cried a good deal; at the same time she came to the conclusion that but for the Saracen girl she would never have seen the beloved husband again, and consented to the tripartite union. I am neither inventing nor exaggerating. The whole affair is more than a legend. There is scarcely a biographical dictionary of note which does not mention the affair; moreover, in the famous double marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, which both Luther and Melancthon authorized, the double marriage of Count Gleichen was taken as a precedent.

Legend to His State. Kentuckians are always proud of their State in whatever department of human labor they hold place. Not long ago a widow went to a marble cutter to get a tombstone for her late husband. She selected a plain one from his stock and gave him an inscription to put on it.

"Can't do that, ma'am," he said politely, when he had read it.

"Why not?" she asked in surprise. "I'm paying for it."

"Yes'm; but I can't put that on, I stretch my conscience a good many times in what I put on a tombstone, but I ain't going to tell a plain lie when I know it."

The widow was greatly shocked, and insisted on his explaining what he meant.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you've got here, gone to a better land, and that ain't so, ma'am. There ain't any better land than Kentucky."

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A Doctor Who Is a Queen.

Amelie's Diploma Permits Her to Practice Medicine in Portugal.

The Only Physician of Royal Blood in the World.

Genuine Lady Bountiful, with Up-to-Date Characteristics.

SAVES A LITTLE CHILD'S LIFE.

Goes into the Homes of the Sufferers from Poverty and Gives Them Aid They Must Otherwise Do Without.

Lisbon, Jan. 10.—Portugal is the only country and this the only Court in the world that can lay claim to a doctor of medicine who is a real princess by birth and a queen by rank. She is not a "new woman," but a Lady Bountiful, born again into the nineteenth century.

In New York society girls attend lectures on "First Aid to the Injured." Some even stay through the parts where they are shown how to tie up arteries and witness real operations. But Queen Amelie, daughter of the late Comte de Paris, has gone further than this. For several years she has earnestly and systematically devoted herself to the study of medicine, and now she has just received a degree from the Eschole Polytechnica, the college of highest reputation here, which entitles her to practise as a physician within the limits of Portugal. Yesterday she saw and prescribed for her first patient.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning the people who live in the narrow, dirty little Rua de Poco Novo were surprised to see a brougham, with the royal arms on the panel and drawn by two black stallions turn into their street and stop before No. 90, which is one of the most quiet tenements. The Queen got out, accompanied only by her equerry, the Duc de Loule, entered the low, dark hallway as unsuspectingly as if she had been there often before, and climbed three flights of creaking, gloomy stairs to the apartment of Manoel Valdes, which she found without apparent difficulty. Where the passage was sufficiently wide the Duke offered Her Majesty his arm. A groom stumbled up the creaked stairs behind them.

Manoel Valdes is a paralytic, an old soldier who has seen service in the colonies, and who lives on a small Government pension. His wife died a long time ago, and since then his little daughter Castora, now thirteen years old, has taken care of him. Lately the little girl has been

ill of a fever and expected to die. There was no one to take care of old Manoel, and no money to pay for a doctor for little Castora. As soon as the Queen heard of their distress she came to visit them, and the neighbors say she has saved Castora's life.

When Her Majesty entered the apartment little Castora lay on a rough cot quite defenceless, and old Manoel sat groaning and trying to warm himself at an empty stove. The Queen, who has a long time ago smoothed her hair and wrote out a prescription, which was taken by the groom to be put up by the nearest chemist. The chemist has the prescription now. He refuses to part with it, and is going to have it framed. Within twenty minutes the groom brought back a draught, which Her Majesty stirred and gave to little Castora with her own hand. Then she left, and was driven to the palace.

To-day little Castora's condition is greatly improved. She is quite conscious, and says she felt immediate relief from the time she felt the Queen's hand on her forehead.

It is rumored that an addition has been made, at royal request, to Manoel Valdes' pension so that he shall not want for the future. In the meantime Castora is receiving every attention, and is under direct care of the Court physician. The neighbors in the barrio are still excited.

And how did the story come to the Queen's ears? Well! Manoel has a younger brother, Jose, who is a strapping corporal of the Guards stationed at the palace. Jose has been very sick lately, and this was noticed by his niece, Therese Constant, who is a maid of the Queen, and who meets Jose frequently in the corridors of the palace. Jose told Therese why he was sick, and Therese, who is French and very emotional, told the Queen, while she was dressing her hair. This is how relief came to Castora and Manoel yesterday morning.

At the noon guard-mount at the palace to-day Corporal Valdes performed his military duties with his usual pride and cheerfulness.

Almost an Accident. "Speaking of narrow escapes," observed Mr. Chugwater, reaching for his second cup of coffee, "did I tell you I was on a train the other day that came within three feet of being run into by another train going at full speed?"

"For mercy's sake, no," exclaimed Mrs. Chugwater. "How did it happen?"

"The train that came so near running into ours," he replied, "butting a bit, cut in on the other track, and going the other way."

It was several minutes before Mrs. Chugwater broke loose, but when she did she made up for lost time.



"She shook hands in true English fashion."

who walked gravely across the room, and actually pronounced my name correctly, something which few people accomplish. At the same time she held out her hand, and as mine was laid in it she bent her elbow, and the two hands went upward to the proper level for an English handshake of the most approved kind. The Prince of Wales himself couldn't have done better.

Mrs. Yang's hand is small and slender. When she goes out she is always immaculately dressed, preferably in white with black stitched backs for calling. The gloves seem to be the only English article of dress she has adopted. Sometimes Mrs. Yang's hands are loaded with beautiful rings of native manufacture, but she likes to wear three or four little American rings, one with emeralds and diamonds.

Madame motioned the visitor to a seat on a red sofa and took the other herself. The interpreter who accompanies her into society sat beyond the visitor.

"Ask her if she likes Washington." "Yes, indeed."

"What does she like here best?" "More Chinese by interpreter. More by Mrs. Yang."

"The streets. She never has seen such beautiful streets nor any so well paved, and she wishes every where was like Washington."

"But society?" "She says she likes it because all the ladies are so nice to her."

"What aren't some people complaining about her and following her around in the houses?" "That charming Oriental beauty smiled and actually said she didn't mind it. It

her head at once and smiled that she did like them, and the same to a motion indicating a dress with a train. I pointed to the waist. Madame grew quite sober-faced and said a few words which the interpreter said meant that she wasn't fond of American waists.

"Because she says she thinks that the tight lacing and making the waist so small must make the breathing difficult for the ladies and can't be healthy."

Just how bloomers and bicycle wearers of them could get mixed up with international Chinese diplomatic questions isn't apparent on the surface, but evidently Mme. Yang knew, for no amount of persuasion could prevail on her to talk about bloomers. By negative reasoning it is safe to presume that as Mme. Yang wouldn't say she liked bloomers, she must dislike them.

Mrs. Cleveland has completely captivated Mrs. Yang. Mrs. Yang's opinion of the President's wife is: "She is so kind and handsome and sweet and gracious to every one. Mrs. Yang said Mrs. Cleveland's babies had been up with their nurses to visit her own three little children and play with them, and that seemed to delight her as much as anything. Mrs. Yang says Mrs. Cleveland 'smiles so beautifully for every one.'"

Then Mrs. Yang begged to be excused, as she had to dress for her dinner, and suggested a view of the legation.

It is very artistic. The first room on entering is severely simple. The next is more ornate, with handsome paintings, done in white silk, and some rare cloisonne ware and carved ivory ornaments. Next is the

couldn't make that out, and a lady then asked:

"How do you do to-morrow. How do you do," with a questioning accent and a motion indicating shaking hands. Mme. Yang knew what that meant, and at once explained that she wasn't going to "How do you do to-morrow," but would the next week. Anybody who has the genius for that kind of conversation can carry on quite a talk with her without the aid of the interpreter.

But Mrs. Yang is truly nery. Her latest achievement was on Mrs. Cleveland's reception afternoon to ladies. Mrs. Yang went, and the interpreter went also, but Mrs. Yang, knowing it was for ladies, knew what that meant, and at once explained that she wasn't going to "How do you do to-morrow," but would the next week. Anybody who has the genius for that kind of conversation can carry on quite a talk with her without the aid of the interpreter.

Later on a friend found her strolling about the East Room as unconcerned as if she were at home, although a lot of women were feeling of the material of her gown. She seems to be delighted at every new step she takes, and her naive expressions and enjoyment and pretty manners have made her a host of friends.

By the way, Madame Yang confessed that she likes American jokes; that is, when they aren't destroyed by translation. Some American jokes are so bad that they will not stand that a society woman in China, as such things go, and has seen quite a deal of China, as the Minister has held a number of positions.

Madame Yang has had her pictures taken, but the doors were locked during the process and the Minister took the plates with him, as there is some great objection in China to a woman doing such a thing.

Had Two Wives at Once.

An Ancient Case in Which Bigamy Was Made Lawful.

(London Illustrated News.)

The visitor of Erfurt, in Thuringia, cannot fall to be struck by an enormous tablet let into the wall of the Church of Our Lady (the cathedral). At the first glance it looks like a roughly executed medieval bas relief, representing a tall, knightly figure between two women. In reality it is the stone that formerly covered the tomb of Count von Gleichen and his two wives. Only those two wives happened to be consistent with one another—wives, bien entendu.

The Count, it would appear, was made a prisoner of war in the second or third crusade, for there is a considerable divergence as to dates, and during that captivity attracted the notice of a daughter of the Sultan, who (the daughter) proposed to fly with him and become a convert to Christianity if the Count would marry her according to the rites of his religion. He, however, happened to have a wife in Thuringia, of whom he made no mention. The fight was carefully planned, and succeeded. The Count asked for a special interview with the Pope, and explained his predicament. "Was not his promise sacred?" he asked the Holy Father. "Ought he not to keep it with a princess who had

risks her life on the promise of a Christian knight, and who not only asked for grooves in this bigamous marriage; but what would the Christian lady have to say to it?"

At any rate, the warrior left his new bride in an out-of-the-way spot, and proceeded alone to the Castle of Gleichen to enact the preface to the revelation. The Countess seems to have been a sensible woman. She seems to have cried a good deal; at the same time she came to the conclusion that but for the Saracen girl she would never have seen the beloved husband again, and consented to the tripartite union. I am neither inventing nor exaggerating. The whole affair is more than a legend. There is scarcely a biographical dictionary of note which does not mention the affair; moreover, in the famous double marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, which both Luther and Melancthon authorized, the double marriage of Count Gleichen was taken as a precedent.

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The Queen of Portugal.

(From a photograph by A. Dolone, Lisbon.)

Castora Valdes, the Queen's Little Patient.

(From a photograph taken for the Journal by Canon, a photographer of the Barrio, Lisbon.)